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The Elf on a Shelf Must Die

By Don Zolidis

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Cast of Characters

MOM
DAD
SAMMY, the younger sibling
MOOK, the older sibling
PIP, The Elf on a Shelf

BENNY, a friend
THE CLEANER, a professional
MATILDA, Benny's Sister

BUTTONS, an elf

GREETER, a greeter at Wal-Mart
MANAGER, a manager at Wal-Mart

TINKERBLOSSOM, an elf
SPARTACUS, an elf
MOONY, an elf

BYRN, member of the resistance
TIMOR, member of the resistance
LEE, member of the resistance

OTHER ELVES
PARENTS

Setting: A place near you. Close to Christmas.

Gender: Every single character may be played as any gender. Just change the necessary pronouns.

(A nicely decorated living room. DAD sets PIP against a wall and examines his handiwork as MOM enters.)

DAD

I think that's the perfect spot.

MOM

Looks great. You've done an amazing job with decorating this living room, honey.

DAD

Yes I have. And it was totally worth quitting my job to do it.

MOM

You quit your job?

DAD

Sure did!

MOM

Why did you quit your job?

DAD

It was terrible, sweetheart. Having to get up in the mornings. Getting dressed. Going places. Making money. I'm done with it. Now I'm going to live off the fat of the land

MOM

What fat of the land?

DAD

Your job.

MOM

But –

DAD

Kids! Come in here please!

(SAMMY and MOOK bound in, excited.)

SAMMY

What is it what is it what is it what is it?!!!

MOOK

Settle down, Sammy!

SAMMY

I'M SO EXCITED! CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE!!!!
(SAMMY bounces up and down)

DAD

Settle down kids! Settle down!

SAMMY

Oh boy oh boy oh boy oh boy!

MOM

STOP IT!
(SAMMY settles down.)

DAD

It's time to introduce our newest Christmas tradition! The Elf on A Shelf!
(He raises PIP's arm and waves, then drops it lifeless.)
(PIP stares somewhat evilly at them.)

MOOK

Is it a present?

DAD

Of course not! It's an invasive surveillance system!

MOOK

What is Elf on the Shelf?

MOM

Just so we're clear: This is Elf on *a* Shelf, not to be confused with Elf on *the* Shelf, which is a copyrighted piece of intellectual property.

DAD

Ha ha ha ha yes! Yes this is completely different. But it's an easy mistake to make.

MOM

I hope all the lawyers agree.

MOOK

What is he doing here?

DAD

Well, I'm glad you asked. This little guy is going to be watching you, day and night. Think of it like Santa's eyes and ears. *He's Watching You*.
(DAD points from his eyes to the kids.)

MOM

And every night, when you're asleep, the elf will fly to the North Pole to report on your activities. Whether you've been nice… or naughty.

MOOK

So he's watching us?

DAD

It's very simple, kids. As long as you're perfectly well-behaved, you have nothing to fear from the elf.

MOM

But if you step out of line… WHAM! Santa knows! And you get nothing for Christmas! Ha ha ha ha ha!

SAMMY

Not even my X-Box?

MOM

Definitely not your X-Box.

MOOK

But I've heard snitches get stitches.

DAD

Not if they're elves! Ha ha ha ha!

MOM

In order to activate the magic of our Elf on A Shelf, you need to give it a name. What should our elf's name be?

SAMMY

Snitch.

DAD

That's not nice, Sammy. Try again.

MOOK

I don't like the elf.

MOM

Honey, it's not about whether or not you like the elf. The elf is a new reality in our family. Deal with it.

SAMMY

Let's call it Traitor.

DAD

Nope.

MOM

Let's call it "Everyone in this family needs a job."

DAD

That's not a name.

MOM

It should be a name.

MOOK

How about Pip?

DAD

I love it! Well, little guy, your name is now… Pip!
(Magical music sound.)
Now Pip is alive and watching. All the time. Forever.
(DAD points to the kids again)
So I guess Mom and Dad's job is done.

MOM

Parenting win!

DAD

Let's go to bed.

MOM

Sweet.

MOOK

But it's only eight o'clock.

MOM

Sweetie, I want to tell you a magical story about something called the Panopticon.

SAMMY

I love stories!

MOM *(cheerful)*

Well, the Panopticon is an amazing circular prison where the prisoners are watched all the time! And the great thing is, once the prisoners know all their actions are watched continuously, they change their behavior and no longer misbehave! Eventually, they don't even need to be watched because they *think* they're being watched.

DAD

The prison gets *inside* their heads.

MOM

Exactly! Ha ha ha ha ha. Happy ending!

SAMMY

Is that why you're going to bed at eight?

MOM

Yup!

DAD

Be good. Or Santa will know.

MOM *(to DAD)*

This will give us time to discuss your future employment.

DAD

Can't wait.

(They exit, cheerfully.)

(SAMMY and MOOK stare at PIP.)

SAMMY

This is a disaster.

MOOK

I know.

SAMMY

I was sure that Santa couldn't be everywhere at once and we could get away with anything we wanted, but now…

(SAMMY goes up to PIP.)

MOOK

You think it's watching us right now?

SAMMY

We're doomed. We're never getting our X-Box. This is all your fault, Mook!

MOOK

No it isn't, it's your fault!

SAMMY

I'm not the one who stole Mom's lipstick!

MOOK

She never even noticed!

SAMMY

You used it to write bad words on the walls!

MOOK

I was experimenting!

SAMMY

And drew those pictures!

MOOK

That was art!

SAMMY

Boobs are not art!

MOOK

Yes they are, go to a museum!

SAMMY

You're the worst!

MOOK

I hate you!

(They slap-fight.)

SAMMY

STOP! STOP!

MOOK

NEVER!

SAMMY

THE ELF IS WATCHING!

(They stop, both stare at PIP. PIP hasn't moved.)

You didn't see that, did you, Pip? You saw nothing, right?

(PIP says nothing.)

MOOK

It's quiet.

SAMMY

That was just two siblings play fighting. We love each other.

Skipping Forward

PIP

That's automatic extra naughty status!

SAMMY

NO!

(PIP takes out phone.)

PIP

Pip's log, additional report:

SAMMY

Please! I'll do anything!

PIP

We have a confirmed instance of *TOUCHING THE ELF.* Recommendation: downgrade to coal. Three Christmases probation.

SAMMY

WHAT?! No! Three Christmases!? That's crazy! I didn't mean to touch you!

PIP

You want four?

SAMMY

I tripped, I reached out to you for support!

PIP

You need to step back, kid.

(talks into phone)

Subject becoming agitated. Recommendation: Permanent naughty status.

SAMMY

PERMANENT NAUGHTY?! Nooooo! Give me that phone!

PIP

Stay back!

SAMMY

Give me the phone!

(SAMMY tries to snatch it out of PIP's hand.)

PIP

Don't touch me, freak!

SAMMY

You're the freak! This is mine now!

(SAMMY wrestles PIP for the phone)

PIP

You're touching me! This is highly irregular! You are toast when Santa hears about this! You just signed your Christmas Death Warrant!

SAMMY

Never!

(SAMMY gets PIP in a headlock)

GIMME THE PHONE! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LIVE FOR NOW I'LL KILL YOU!

PIP

AAAAAAAH!

SAMMY

AAAAAAAAH!

(Snap! PIP's head snaps back, and it drops to the ground, lifeless.)

SAMMY

Pip? Pip are you okay?

(SAMMY lifts up PIP's arm and drops it.)

Pip! Pip you're alive, right? That was just a joke! I didn't mean it! You're fine, right? You're alive? Oh darn it. Oh darn it. Oh jeez.

(SAMMY looks around, then runs out.)

(SAMMY and MOOK run back in, moments later.)

MOOK

What did you do?!

SAMMY

He was going to tell Santa!

MOOK

That's what it's supposed to do!

SAMMY

What are we gonna do?

MOOK

We?! You're the one who killed him!

SAMMY

You are totally implicated in this!

MOOK

I didn't touch him!

SAMMY

You think Santa's gonna deliver you presents when an elf died in this house?! We are marked forever!

MOOK

But I didn't kill the elf!

SAMMY

We gotta fix this. Call your friend Benny.

MOOK

Are you serious?!

SAMMY

Benny knows things. He can help us. Come on. Please.

MOOK

No way.

SAMMY

If I go down, I'll squeal like a pig. I'm telling Santa everything. Everything! About the spiders in Mom's coffee, about the time you stole that potbellied pig from the petting zoo –

MOOK

You swore never to breathe a word about Chuckles the pig!

SAMMY

Why did you think you could ride him over a gorge?! I think Santa's going to be realll interested in that! Call Benny or you're getting nothing for Christmas!

(MOOK takes out her phone.)

MOOK

You are a mess, you know that? I should've strangled you in your crib.

SAMMY

Oh yeah sure Santa wouldn't have a problem with that.

MOOK

I was innocent then. You can't be held accountable for murders you commit before the age of 2. Hello, Benny.

(BENNY enters, elsewhere on stage, on a cell phone)

We got a problem here. We're coming over to your tree house.

BENNY

What are you talking about?

MOOK

We got a dead elf.

BENNY

What?!

SAMMY

Help me get his arm.

(MOOK and SAMMY start dragging PIP's body across the stage.)

MOOK

We'll be over there in five minutes.

BENNY

You are not bringing a dead elf over here! I repeat, do not bring that elf over to my tree house!

MOOK

Sorry, dude.

BENNY

Wait a minute, are you on a cell phone right now?

MOOK

Of course, what other kind of phone would I have?

BENNY

Santa could be listening on the phone lines you idiot! You… Wrong number! Wrong number! I don't know you!

(BENNY hangs up.)

(Lights change. Christmas music. MOOK and SAMMY drag PIP all across the stage, then turn around, and drag him back the other way to BENNY's place.)

(Lights up as BENNY, MOOK, and SAMMY stare at the dead body of the elf.)

BENNY

This is a nightmare, guys. This is your situation, and I don't appreciate dragging me into your crime spree.

MOOK

You're the smartest person I know, Benny! You can help us.

BENNY

You think I don't have my own Elf on a Shelf? I got a snitch called Buttons watching my every move. The tree house is only safe place. If he finds out about it, I'm done.

SAMMY

Can you bring him back to life?

BENNY

You sure you want him back?

MOOK

Of course! How else is Santa going to get us presents?

BENNY

There's one thing that might work. A shot of sugar right to the heart.

SAMMY

Can you do that?

BENNY

You killed him, you're gonna do it.

(BENNY takes out a huge candy cane.)

MOOK

Right to the heart?

BENNY

Yup. You gotta slam it in hard enough to break through the ribcage.

SAMMY

Aw jeez. I can't do this!

BENNY

Yes you can! Get a hold of yourself!

MOOK

I'll hold him down.

(SAMMY holds the candy cane over PIP's body.)

BENNY

Ready? One Two Three Four –

SAMMY

What are you counting to?

BENNY

I'm counting to three!

SAMMY

Why'd you say four!?

BENNY

Cause you didn't move!

SAMMY

I was waiting for you to stop! You're supposed to take a pause after three, THERE WAS NO PAUSE!

MOOK

Hurry up Sammy!

SAMMY

I'M FREAKING OUT HERE!

BENNY

I'm counting to three! One Two Three…

(He pauses, looks at SAMMY. SAMMY slams the candy cane into Pip's chest.)
(PIP lurches alive)

PIP

AAAAAAAAAAAH! YOU TRIED TO KILL ME!

SAMMY

I SAVED YOUR LIFE!

PIP

DIEEEEEE!

(PIP starts strangling SAMMY)
(They fight.)
(MOOK jumps in.)

MOOK

LEAVE SAMMY ALONE!

(MOOK grabs a hold of Pip.)
(SNAP! Pip dies again.)

SAMMY

WHAT DID YOU DO?!

MOOK

I WAS PROTECTING YOU!

SAMMY

NOW YOU KILLED HIM!

MOOK

YOU KILLED HIM FIRST!

BENNY

You guys are crazy!

SAMMY

Can we try the candy cane again?

BENNY

No you cannot try the candy cane again! It's a one shot deal!

MOOK

Maybe we can just leave him here.

BENNY

I'm sorry, do you see a sign on this treehouse that says Dead Elf Storage? Do you? Do you see a sign that says Dead Elf Storage?

MOOK

…no.

BENNY

Do you know why you don't see a sign that says Dead Elf Storage?

MOOK

I don't know.

BENNY

BECAUSE STORING DEAD ELVES AIN'T MY BUSINESS!

SAMMY

What are we gonna do?!

BENNY

I'm calling the Cleaner.

MOOK

Don't call the Cleaner, man.

BENNY

Tell you what, when I'm the one bringing the dead elf into your treehouse, you can tell me how to do things. OTHERWISE SHUT UP!

MOOK

I'm scared.

SAMMY

You should be! You're the one who killed him this time!

MOOK

YOU KILLED HIM FIRST! And how was I supposed to know his neck was fragile!

SAMMY

Cause I snapped it first! Obviously it's fragile!

BENNY

Would you two idiots shut up? You want Buttons in here watching us?

MOOK

I woulda loved that X-Box.

SAMMY

Maybe Santa won't notice Pip is dead. He's got a lot of elves. How's he gonna keep track of all of `em?

BENNY

They got tracking devices in each of `em. GPS. You guys are doomed.

(There's a knock on the door.)

Shhh. The Cleaner is serious, all right? No behaving like monkeys.

(BENNY opens the door.)

(The CLEANER is there, with multiple briefcases.)

CLEANER

Let me see the body.

BENNY

Over there.

(The CLEANER gets to work.)

MOOK

I didn't mean to kill him, it just happened.

CLEANER

I am not interested in how this happened. I am only interested in moving forward. You: Take a hold of his legs.

MOOK

Please would be nice.

Skipping Forward

You're not cool, Benny! And I know you're being naughty up here! Once Santa finds out about it, you're not getting anything for Christmas!

BENNY

Oh I'm afraid I'm beyond the reach of Santa up here. I can't be found naughty for what he can't see.

MATILDA

That's why I brought somebody.

(MATILDA brings in BUTTONS.)

Remember someone?

BENNY

Get Buttons out of here. You don't have a warrant and I don't agree to this intrusion. This is my sanctuary.

MATILDA

Are you sure you want Buttons gone? Only people with something to hide want their elves on a shelves gone.

MOOK

Ha ha ha ha.

SAMMY

Shut up.

MATILDA

What are you guys doing here?

SAMMY

Nothing! Absolutely nothing! We certainly aren't trying to dispose of a dead elf, that's for sure!

MATILDA

Buttons is suspicious. I'll just leave him here.

(MATILDA drops off BUTTONS and exits.)

BENNY

This is a violation of my right to privacy!

(looks at BUTTONS)

Hi Buttons.

(he waves)

(BUTTONS does not move.)

SAMMY *(loud whisper)*

What do we do?

MOOK *(loud whisper)*
He can hear us. He's looking right at us.

BENNY
Keep cool, man!

MOOK
I can't stand it! He's looking right at us!

BENNY
I said keep cool!

MOOK
Close your eyes, elf! Close your stupid eyes and stop judging us!

SAMMY
He knows! The elf knows!

BENNY
He doesn't know anything! Shut up!

SAMMY
Stop looking at me, man!

MOOK
Wait a minute. Let's just do this!
(MOOK gets up, and they turn BUTTONS around to look away from him.)
We're good.

BENNY
He's got ears, dude. You guys are getting me on the naughty list too!

MOOK
Just a couple of really nice kids doing nothing wrong. Nothing at all.
(He motions to SAMMY, who takes the pillows off of PIP.)
Just a little horseplay, that's all.
(BENNY and SAMMY start dragging off PIP in the opposite direction.)
Yup. Nothing to see here. Nothing at all.
(MOOK runs off after them.)
Where are we going?

SAMMY
Back to where he came from!
(They take him off-stage)

(BUTTONS turns around, takes out phone.)

BUTTONS

We've got three suspects fleeing on foot. Suspected naughtiness. I want all units on this. All of them.

(BUTTONS lurches to his feet.)

You think I was born yesterday, punks?

(Light change.)

(BENNY, SAMMY, and MOOK enter, dragging PIP.)

(A GREETER enters.)

GREETER *(very sweet)*

Welcome to Wal-Mart! The most magical place on earth! Merry Christmas! We're required to say that now. Unlike some other stores which don't say Merry Christmas and THEY WILL BURN.

SAMMY

Um… hi. I'm just returning this elf. He's dead.

MOOK

Defective.

SAMMY

Defective and dead.

GREETER

Oh dear. What happened to him? Merry Christmas.

MOOK

Nothing! Nothing at all!

SAMMY

He was alive one minute, and the next minute his neck just snapped.

MOOK

It was the craziest thing! Certainly no one was being naughty!

SAMMY

So if we could just exchange this dead elf with a live elf that would be great.

GREETER

Merry Christmas! All sales are final.

SAMMY

What does that mean?

GREETER

That means the great and powerful Wal-Mart doesn't want your dead elf back, Merry Christmas. Now get out of here before I report you to elf protective services.

(a threat)

Merry Christmas.

MOOK

I want to see the other elves.

GREETER

Nobody sees the elves except parents.

BENNY

They're on aisle 54, let's go.

GREETER

No children are allowed in aisle 54! It's secret! Merry Christmas.

BENNY

Can I ask you a question: where do you get off selling living, magical creatures? Each of these elves comes from the North Pole. You put them in plastic cages and you sell them for profit? You make me sick.

GREETER

The elves have a better life here at Wal-Mart than they do at the North Pole. We're helping them.

BENNY

By enslaving them?!

GREETER

They *like* it here. They *like* joining families. And they don't feel pain when they're in the boxes. We've done studies.

BENNY

I don't know how you sleep at night.

GREETER

Just imagine what their working conditions are at the North Pole. Making toys twenty-four seven. Forced to work on the assembly lines. Singing songs. You think they have health insurance? You think they get paid a living wage? Here at least they get a chance to be in a nice home!

(A MANAGER approaches.)

MANAGER

Is there a problem here?

GREETER
These children are questioning Wal-Mart policies!

MANAGER
Wal-Mart will not be questioned by the likes of you.
(he talks into a walkie talkie)
I need security.

MOOK
Mr. Manager… this greeter didn't say Merry Christmas to us.

MANAGER
What?!

SAMMY
I think she said, `Happy Holidays'

MANAGER
Happy Holidays!?

GREETER
That's a lie!

MOOK
I think it's probably because she hates Christmas.

GREETER
No!

MANAGER
You're coming with me, Shirleen, to the Break Room. Where we break you.

GREETER
Never! I'm not going back to break room! You can't make me! I'll go to Target first!
(She runs off)

MANAGER
You'll never make it to Target!
(He runs off after her)

SAMMY
Once you go naughty, you just keep going naughtier, I guess.

MOOK
I'm cool with it. Come on.
(They drag PIP off.)

(Lights up on Aisle 54.)
(Three Elves – TINKERBLOSSOM, SPARTACUS, and MOONY, sit side-by-side. They look tough.)

TINKERBLOSSOM
You think we're gonna get adopted in time for Christmas?

SPARTACUS
Not if you keep whining.

TINKERBLOSSOM
I'm not whining!

SPARTACUS
Every day with you:
(mocking)
`Am I gonna adopted? I sure wish I had a family I could keep under constant surveillance. Wah Wah wah.'

TINKERBLOSSOM
I'm hopeful!

SPARTACUS
Face it. It's a week before Christmas. No one's coming for you.

TINKERBLOSSOM
Please don't say that!

SPARTACUS
You know what happens to elves on a shelves that don't get sold?
(SPARTACUS makes a shredding noise)
The shredder. They'll get your feet first. Aaaaaah! They grind you up to make stuffing for dog beds.

TINKERBLOSSOM
How do you know?

SPARTACUS
I hear stories.

MOONY
Shut up, both of youse. You two morons keep jabbering, it'll keep everyone away. Just look cute and keep your mouth shut. You got it?

SPARTACUS

Skipping Forward

MOOK
Don't touch anything. Let's just put Pip on this shelf, and then take a new one.

BENNY
Are you sure you want a new one?

SAMMY
What are you talking about?

BENNY
Without that elf on a shelf you're free, man.

SAMMY
But how's Santa going to know if we're naughty or nice?

MOOK
And more importantly, who's gonna bring us our X-Box?

BENNY
These are the tools of the man. These elves on a shelves are our chains. I say it's time we throw them off and live free, like we were meant to.

SAMMY
I don't know, you got a crazy look in your eye.

BENNY
Cause I just got woke. I never gave permission to be policed by these elves. Why does Santa get to say who's naughty and who's nice? Does he understand my life? Who is he to judge me? Maybe I'm just acting out because my parents are mean to me. I say, I'm nice until proven naughty. I want to meet my accusers! I want to see the evidence against me! I don't accept a SECRET COURT where the evidence against me is supplied by magical elves! I say, we fight for our rights! I say, we fight for FREEDOM! Who's with me?!
(BENNY raises his hand.)

SAMMY
Um…

MOOK
Weighing my options.
(BUTTONS enters, clapping.)

BUTTONS
Well well well, sounds like somebody think he's all grown up.

BENNY

Buttons. I'm not scared of you anymore.

BUTTONS

You should be.

(BUTTONS takes out a sword.)

You ever see Lord of the Rings? Or the 3-part Hobbit movie that really didn't need to be that long? Elves are awesome. Come at me.

BENNY

Sammy, Mook, get out of here. Run. I'll take Buttons.

MOOK

You need help!

BENNY

I SAID RUN! TELL MY STORY!

SAMMY

What do we do with Pip?

BENNY

Leave him! I'll deal with Buttons!

(BENNY grabs a sword of some kind.)

I've been waiting for this day.

(MOOK and SAMMY run off.)

BUTTONS

Oh I know. I know all about you. So does Santa.

BENNY

Santa doesn't scare me anymore.

BUTTONS

He should. Institute order 66!

(TINKERBLOSSOM, SPARTACUS, and MOONY come to life behind BENNY.)

(Christmas Music plays as they take out weapons.)
(Lights down as they begin beating him.)

(Lights change to the basement of Wal-Mart.)

(MOOK and SAMMY enter, out of breath.)

MOOK

Where are we?

SAMMY

I don't know. I just turned left at the garden section and threw open that door that said, "Employees Only."

MOOK

We must be in the basement!

SAMMY

I wanna go home, Mook. I want to make it so I never killed that Elf on a Shelf. I was good all year, and now I'm never gonna get that X-Box.

MOOK

Sammy.

(MOOK puts a comforting hand on SAMMY's shoulder.)

You weren't good all year. You were horrible.

SAMMY

I know. But I thought about being good sometimes. Isn't that what counts? Like when you don't do any of your homework all semester long and turn in all your assignments at the end? You still pass, right?

MOOK

I don't think life works that way.

SAMMY

Well what is school teaching us then?

MOOK

Let's go home. We'll just tell Mom and Dad what happened and cry. Then they'll get us stuff anyway because they're spineless.

SAMMY

Okay.

MOOK

And you'll admit that it's all your fault and I didn't have anything to do with it.

SAMMY

YOU KILLED HIM TOO!

MOOK

AFTER YOU KILLED HIM FIRST!

(BRYN, TIMOR, and LEE enter, dressed in raggedy clothing. They hold makeshift weapons.)

BRYN

We found you!

MOOK

Who the heck are you guys?!

TIMOR

We come in peace!

BRYN

We live in the Wal-Mart basement. We're the Resistance.

(They make hand signals that symbolize "resistance." LEE makes a different one than TIMOR and BRYN.)

TIMOR

You're doing it wrong, Lee!

LEE

I am doing my own hand sign! I only agreed to join the resistance if I could do my own hand sign! You guys can't make me do your stupid hand sign!

TIMOR

The whole POINT of a hand sign is to show that we're all part of the same group! You can't make your own sign! Otherwise we're just three random people making different signs looking stupid!

LEE

The POINT of the resistance is freedom! If we're not free to make our hand signs, then what are we fighting for?!

TIMOR

We've been over this! It's in our by-laws!

LEE

I want new by-laws! I say we organize a new by-law drafting committee! We elect representatives to the committee, and we draft new by-laws!

TIMOR

There's THREE of us, who are we going to vote for?!

LEE

RESPECT THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS!

BRYN

Guys! We look foolish in front of the Chosen One.

MOOK

What are you talking about?

BRYN

We heard about what you did.

LEE

You killed one of the elves on a shelf.

TIMOR

We're calling them night walkers.

LEE

YOU DON'T GET TO DECIDE EVERYTHING!

BRYN

Only the Chosen One may slay one of the elves who walk at night. See, we compromised.

SAMMY

It was an accident. Really. I didn't mean to.

BRYN

It doesn't matter. The prophecy is fulfilled.

TIMOR

We thought they were immortal. Like Lords of the Rings elves. Have you seen those guys fight? Nobody can kill them. Seriously.

LEE

They're not Lord of the Rings elves.

SAMMY

What do you want from me?

BRYN

We want you to lead us. Join the resistance. Accept your role in the coming battle.

End of Excerpt.
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